

SOCIETY SISTER SPINS SKYWARD; SPEELS SPICY SPEED STORY SO-

Dutiful Daughter Disdains Dares; Declares Dizzy Dives Delightful.

(By Gertrude P. Robinson)

"If you're not a bluff," said the office force to me, in the gentle brotherly way which office forces have of addressing society editors, "you'll take a ride in that airplane and write a story about it."

"Wouldn't it be possible to write the story without taking the ride?" I suggested. "I've done it before with success and things."

"O well!" agreed the office force, "if you want to be a piker."

Which settled it. No one American born, with a long line of Scotch and Irish forebears, is going to be called a piker. Not if she can help it. So I wrapped up my courage in a roll of copy paper along with my pencil and eraser, and sallied forth. At the Oregon Electric depot I stepped into a telephone booth. "It's me," I announced intelligently when I recognized the voice at the other end of the wire. "I'm going to take a trip with Lieutenant Cook this afternoon."

"Not in an airplane!" came the horrified reply. "Of course!" (I've wondered since, what happened to my temper that afternoon.) "Did you suppose I was going on a lawn mower? But listen, if they have to dig me out of the debris and are able to assemble my remains, I'd rather be buried in the white marquisette. And don't let them curl my hair; it's not being done this season."

On the way to Olcott field I considered the advisability of arranging for the proper disposal of my personal effects at the office. There is the lovin' bottle that I use for a vase when ever I can salvage any flowers; my fountain pen which really should be a valuable souvenir as it has my name engraved on the barrel; an old copy of "The Outcast's Prayer" and a newspaper print of the late Lieutenant Colonel McCrea and a dandy large photograph of Captain Stratton, Lieutenant Compton, and a tall dark officer whose name I could never find out, on board the ship that brought them home. Then there is that stack of letters from France, in the drawer of my desk. I sincerely hoped that they wouldn't consider it necessary to read those letters at the coroner's inquest. Some of the boys were positively childish in their utter disregard of the censor!

At the entrance of the fair grounds I found myself in a modernized janitor's frock position. "Budge," said my conscientious "Budge not," said something else inside of me that I have not since been able to locate. As a rule I dislike consciences, they're always "butting in" when one least wants them to. This time, however, I surrendered graciously. "Conscience," said I, "you counsel wisely." And budge.

Olcott field lay white and level, like a silver patch in a counterpane of green. Above, a few tiny clouds lay on the sapphire floor of the sky, as the girl angels had dropped their powder puffs while frolicking with the stars the evening before. Lieutenant Cook was making a landing—as pretty and graceful a thing as the last steps of a good night waltz, and my courage rebounded. It certainly had been at the lowest possible ebb, and only the thoughts of the cynically inhuman office force had kept me from bolting. I'll confess right now—there's nothing of the hero stuff in my make up. Whatever line of work those Gaelic ancestors pursued it is certain that none of them were tight rope walkers. If they were, there's nothing at all in the theory of heredity. The faster I go in an automobile, the happier I am, and I could absolutely live on the water, but I never fail to say a prayer for a happy death before climbing a ladder to hang a mistletoe wreath or straighten a window shade. It's just one of the many peculiarities, that for lack of something more tangible on which to place the blame, I lay in the color of my hair. With a kind of little whimper the motor of the plane stopped and young Mr. McCracken came up to me. "Better leave your hat with some one," he said, "and sign this." Whereupon I signed a card that told any one who cared enough to investigate, that I, Gertrude Patricia Robinson, being of sound mind, etc., absolved the Western Aircraft Co., of all blame, etc. At least I suppose that's what it said; I didn't read it.

Aviators are always young and almost always good looking. Lieutenant Cook is no exception to the rule, and just for a moment as the young flight manager was arranging the helmet on my head and cautioning me to hold on to my hair (as though it weren't fastened by the roots) I had a purely feminine desire to know if the headgear were becoming. Sammons, with the air of Sir Walter Raleigh, placed a stily ladder as one of the wings, and after a few suspicious remarks, on my part, concerning tight skirts, I found myself in the cockpit. "All," advised Mr. McCracken as he and the mechanic fastened the wide belt about me, "as though you were in a canoe. Sit easily and don't be afraid to look out. Better put those goggles down, too. It's liable to be windy." "All right," I answered, restraining an overwhelming desire to tell him that I had voted in the June elections. Why young men insist on assuming a grand motherly air, regardless of the fact that this is the day of national prohibition and universal rights for women, is more than I can understand.

"Ready?" he asked, in the same tone now given to a youngster who one ticks her in and inches out the light, and we were off. We taxied over the field, skimmed for a brief second over the ground, and rose ever so gently into the sunlight. For a few moments I kept my eyes straight ahead of me, indulging in an almost pagan delight in the indescribable rhythm of the plane's motion as it rose in long, undulating strides, and then I looked over the side. Far below the landscape lay, a patchwork quilt of silver and green and gold. Gradually my heart slid from the general direction of my knees, up into its normal location, and never, during the whole of that glorious ride did I experience the least fear. Which is saying a great deal. When anyone who is so strenuously attached to the solid earth can enjoy a trip in the air as much I did that one, there can absolutely be no cause for fear.

We were over the city now. Such a little toy city, with its Lilliputian street cars and tiny buildings! Gone was all the grimness of the penitentiary, gone the glamour of capitol and the solemnity of the supreme court building. Seeing it from above, it looked like a little City of Hope, set tenderly in the most beautiful valley in the world, girdled with blue hills and purple mountains, and watered by a winding strip of sheers crystal. Aviators must be the greatest hearted persons in the world. Looking at the earth from God's own angle they see how really trifling are all the affairs that seem of such great moment to us. They get such a broad, kindly view of things, observing them from the clouds that when they watch the hurry and ceaseless bustle around them, while not in the air, and listen to the heated arguments and rather unkind things that persons say about each other, they can think of how unimportant and altogether childish it looks from above and ask with the author of the "Puruit of Happiness"—"Little brother, little sister, why do you hot?"

Above the river Lieutenant Cook shut off the motor long enough to tell me to notice how clearly we could see into the water. And I found myself looking straight into the blue depths for a moment and almost immediately we were right side up again, and he was asking "Shall we spiral down?" I nodded emphatically, not having the least idea what he meant, and we started on our downward flight.

You'll have to take the ride yourself, or ask some one else if you want to find out any details about the descent; I've run out of adjectives. Ever so gradually we lost the town, while the silver patch that was Olcott field detached itself from the green counterpane and the trip was over. One could see extremely philosophical over an airplane ride. Along with your pilot, high above the world riding face to face with the clouds, and no sound in all creation but the droning whirr of the motor; far beneath, the river swinging slowly under the arched bridges, while on its banks the town lies as quiet as a city built of dreams. Lots of parable material if one is inclined to coin them!

I've always admired Governor Olcott; he has a real interesting profile, and that affair of the bird bath in the state house grounds appealed to my fancy. But I never realized how much my sentiments are shared by others until I discovered what an hour it is to have an aviation field named after you. I do hope that if I ever become famous, posterity will take that means of showing its appreciation instead of attaching my name to a five cent cigar or a vegetable compound.

The young flight manager was waiting to unbuckle the strap and help me overcome the difficulties connected with the current styles, which I encountered, as I got out of the cockpit. His fatherly attitude was quite obliterated by a broad friendly grin. "Like it?" he asked. Like it? Shades of Scotch and Irish ancestors, what a question! Hands in my pockets in the appropriate Dorothy Gish fashion, I strolled into the office with afflicted nonchalant ease and seated myself at my desk. "Well," said the office force, looking up from their respective typewriters, "how was the ride?" "None of your business," I replied sweetly, "and if you're not pikers you'll try it yourself."

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According to every known precedent they should have coaxed. I had the most heroic tale of bravado and unvalued fearless composure for their sole benefit! But the office force, being the office force and possessed of no romantic sensibilities whatever, went back to their Remingtons and Oliviers as calmly as though I had not just risked my life, liberty and pursuit of happiness because of them. O well! what else could you expect from a bunch of men?

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ADDITIONAL NEW TODAY

BAHMY buggy for sale, good as new. Phone 952 or call 280 N. High St. 8-5

WANTED—Painter Monday morning. Phone 1917W or 374W. 8-2

MOCHANOZ—A good home and cash for a small farm. P. L. Wood, Bayona bldg. 8-3

LOST—Last Saturday pair of rimless glasses on Liberty between Court and State. Call 609. 8-2

GOOD Jersey cow for sale giving 2 1/2 gallons; will freshen in Nov. D. A. Terry, 2 miles east asylum, Rt. 6. 8-5

FOR SALE—1913 model Maxwell 5 passenger car or will exchange for motorcycle. Inquire 233 S. Church. 8-4

FOR SALE—Ford radiators, second hand; good as new. Salem Auto Radiator Shop, 198 S. 12th St. 8-8

WANTED—To rent, five or six room house in east part of Salem. No children. Must be good. Call 572. 8-2

LOST—Yesterday, some where between the state house and Shipley's store, a check book, number 11072581. Call 799 or 834. 8-2

FOR SALE—Cheap or would trade for a good Jersey horse, a bay horse in good condition. No safer horse for women or children to ride or drive. Phone 45714. 8-5

IRRIGATED farm lands in the Sutherlin valley, Douglas county, for sale cheap. A. C. Bohmstedt, 401 Masonic Temple, Salem, Or. 8-2

WE want 20 more good houses listed to rent and sell. List your property with us. Laflar & Laflar, 406 Hubbard bldg. 8-2

RANCH WANTED—Wanted to hear from owner of good ranch for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. P. Bush, Minneapolis Minn.

6 ACRES with bungalow, 3 miles from capitol bldg. on Portland road, \$2,300, \$1200 cash, time on balance. Also 14 acres on river road, well improved, \$3000. Laflar & Laflar, 406 Hubbard bldg. 8-2

MARRY IF LONELY—For results, try me; best and most successful "Home Maker"; hundreds rich wish marriage soon; strictly confidential and reliable; years of experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Ball, Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

D. H. MOSHER DOES HIGH CLASS LADIES TAILORING

GOOD BUYS

37 acre tract located 2 miles from Salem, 30 acres cultivated, balance in pasture and 5 acres good second growth fir timber, 10 acres of six year old Italian prunes, 1 acre bearing cherries, some apples, running water, 7 room house, barn, good road. Investigate this. Price \$150 per acre.

30 acres all cultivated, good 5 room plastered bungalow, barn, well, family orchard, 5 acres 4-year old prunes, 2 1/2 acres loganberries, close to Pacific highway. Price \$4990.

5 acres of first class loganberry or prune land, located on rock road just off of Pacific highway, 4 miles out. Price \$1000.

30 acres nearly all cultivated, good bungalow partly finished, 5 acres in apples, peaches and loganberries. Price \$2500.

100 acre farm, 70 acres cultivated, some fine second growth fir timber; buildings, close to Pacific highway. Price \$8500.

320 acre farm 2 miles from Pacific highway, 80 acres cultivated, buildings, Price \$40 per acre.

10 acres, 5 acres of bearing prunes, small house, all cultivated. Price \$3,500.

95 acre farm located on Howell prairie, 30 acres cultivated, house and barn, located on main Silverton road. Price \$125 per acre.

10 acres in bearing Italian prunes, 6 and 9 years old. Price \$3500.

20 acre tract located 4 miles south of Salem; 20 acres bearing prunes, 5 acres of pear, some timber, house and barn, dryer, rock road, crop goes. Price \$16,500.

5 room plastered cottage. Private water system, just outside the city limits. Price \$1900, 1/2 cash, balance monthly payments.

4 room modern bungalow, basement, bath, toilet, electric lights. Price \$1500 6000 down, balance \$15 per month, 6 percent interest.

Good 5 room modern bungalow located 1795 S. High street. Price \$2750.

5 room modern house located on paved street corner lot. Price \$2500.

5 room modern bungalow located on paved street, basement. Price \$2200.

Strictly modern 9 room home, 6 bed rooms, large front porch, paved street. Price \$2500.

Well improved 6 acres tract, 1 acre of loganberries, 2 1/2 acres of cherries and walnuts in full bearing. Good 5 room house, barn. Price \$4000, \$1000 down, balance at 6 percent interest.

1 acre all in bearing fruit just outside of the city limits. Price \$500, \$100 down, balance terms at 6 percent interest.

If you want to buy or sell see W. H. GRABENHORST & CO. 275 State street 8-5

CONTINUOUS SHOW TOMORROW



TOMORROW AND MONDAY



Norma Talmadge

AND THOMAS MEIGHAN

IN

"The Probation Wife"

From a cafe girl, to a slavey, to a laçy. See Norma Talmadge as Jo Mowbray, the attractive beauty of the Domino Cafe

STARTS 2:15 4:15 6:15 8:15

VAUDEVILLE

BOB and DOROTHY FINLEY
A JAM-UP GOOD ACT

BROWN and DeLONG
TWO GIRLS
SINGERS AND VIOLINISTS

LION SPECIAL
An Animal Comedy

PATHE

GOOD house and 8 lots, for quick sale \$1500. Laflar & Laflar, 406 Hubbard bldg. 8-2

FOR RENT—Small house, partly furnished \$7 per month. Phone 1936M. 8-2

LOST—Jane, a dark Persian cat, white on face and legs. Reward: A. W. Cox Phone 69F2 evenings. 8-4

FOR SALE—One fresh Jersey cow, heavy milk; one fresh in Oct. 2310 S. 22 and Hyde St. 8-4

WANTED—Delivery boy, permanent position; must know how to run Ford. Apply 135 N. Liberty St. Monday 8 a. m. 8-2

COURT HOUSE NEWS

In the case of R. H. Wassam against R. H. Moe and wife, a default taken and judgment entered against the defendants for \$312.75.

In the case of M. Byerley against Chas. R. Hice, a default was taken and judgment entered against the defendant for \$111. This includes \$25 for attorney's fees.

Ether May McCracken who is suing Sherman McCracken for divorce, asks the court for an order giving her \$2500 a month.

Louis Weissenfels has sued William Shaffer for \$83.75 and \$25 attorney's fees. He alleges he hauled 53 1/2 cords of wood for Mr. Shaffer at \$2.50 a cord and that there is still due and unpaid \$83.75.

WILLIAM SREAD DIES

William H. Sread passed away at his home in Brooks Wednesday morning at the age of 59 years, 3 months and 3 days. He was born in Oregon and has resided near Brooks for the past 22 years. The deceased leaves a wife, one daughter, and two sons.

The funeral will be held from the Evangelical church at Brooks Friday morning at 11 o'clock, and the services will be conducted by the Rev. Lovell of Sa'cm. Burial will be in the Pioneer cemetery.—Gervais Star.

NATIONWIDE STRIKE

(Continued from page one)

though we all feel that both President Wilson and Rail Director Hines want to help the men."

Men Want Action.
"We will not be able to control the men if this is the answer to our demands," said President Lec. "For years we've been forced to give them this brand of medicine, which resulted in delay. They are immune to it now. I would not recommend such a solution to them."

"I have every confidence in President Wilson and Director Hines," said President Sheu, "but if this means they have turned to congress the matter of wage increases, it also means a long delay and I fear the men will refuse to wait and will strike."

Jazzers Jazz Jazzed Right to the Music

of a phonograph is pleasure indeed. Jitneys saved and spent in this manner will add many pleasant hours of entertainment and enjoyment you thought could not exist so easily.

Jazz Your Jazz Day or Night In Your Home

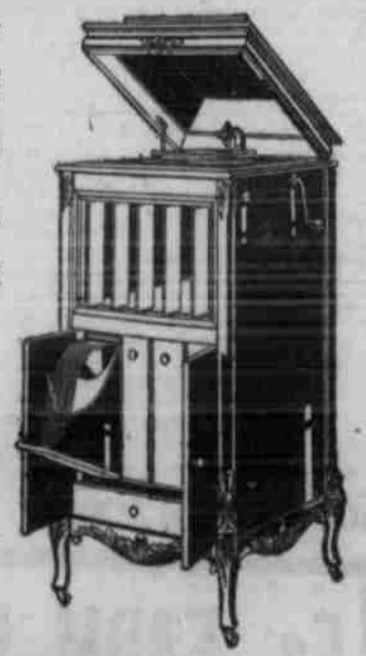
See the Display of Graphonolas, Victrola and Edison Diamond Disc Phonographs.

GEO. C. WILL

SALEM'S MUSIC DEALER

The Phonograph Man

He Repairs Machines Right



Keep 'em In The Circle